

## LOST TROOPS FROM KING GEORGE'S ESTATE



A mystery hangs over the fate of the gallant members of the Fifth Norfolk regiment who made a wild charge into a Gallipoli forest and have since been lost to sight and sound. All the eligible men of King George's Sandringham estate enlisted as a body in the regiment. The king personally knew practically every member of the company. The photograph shows the "march out" of the company before its departure for the Dardanelles.

## FRENCH WOMEN HELP

66,449 Enlisted Under Banner of the Red Cross.

They Come From Well-to-Do Homes and Have Exhibited Rare Heroism in Devotion to Duty—Equip 1,500 Hospitals.

Paris.—There are now 66,449 women in the French Red Cross volunteer army, equipping 1,500 hospitals with an aggregate of 118,000 beds. The Red Cross flag now flies above 288 buildings in Paris alone.

The Society for Aid to Wounded Soldiers, the largest of the three Red Cross organizations and the originator of the work in France in 1864, expended 32,000,000 francs (\$6,400,000) during the first seventeen months of the war. The society has operated 796 hospitals, with 67,081 beds, and given a total of 21,000,000 days' care to wounded soldiers. Besides these hospitals the society maintains a hospital of 500 beds at Saloniki, ninety-three refugees established in the sixth and twentieth military regions in France, seventy infirmaries in railroad stations and forty-five railroad canteens.

The cost of maintenance of hospitals varies so much that it is difficult to establish average cost per capita per diem, but as near as can be calculated this society has brought its cost down to a little more than three francs (sixty cents) a day.

The Union des Femmes de France, the second in importance of the Red Cross societies, has 28,446 nurses, equipping 356 hospitals, with 29,000 beds, while the Association des Dames Françaises has 16,000 nurses, in 350 hospitals, with 22,000 beds.

The mortality among the Red Cross nurses has been remarkably heavy considering the character of their work and the immunity they are supposed to enjoy under the international regulations. Twenty-two members of the Society for Aid to the Wounded Soldiers have given their lives to the cause, some of them killed under shell fire, others carried off by contagious diseases. The nurses of this society have received sixty-three epidemic medals, sixty war crosses and one cross of the Legion of Honor.

The first Red Cross victim of the war was Mlle. Susanne Gilles, who fell at Lunéville with her chest torn by the fragments of a shell that burst inside the hospital ward where she was attending wounded. The next was Mlle. Cagnard, at Cambrai, who is declared to have been shot point blank.

## CONGRESSMAN'S DAUGHTER



Miss Mary Archer is the pretty daughter of Congressman Carter Glass of Lynchburg, Va. She is popular and active in the affairs of the younger congressional set in Washington.

by a Prussian soldier firing into the hospital through the window. During the bombardment of Reims seven women of the Red Cross became victims of the bombardment, including Mme. Fontaine-Faudier, Mlle. Causse and five sisters of charity.

Many women of the Red Cross give attention to men at the front who have no one to remember them at home. One member, Mme. Richelot, the wife of Dr. L. G. Richelot, is godmother to nine hundred soldiers, which constitutes a record to date.

Regarding the state of mind of wounded soldiers now in the hospitals after sixteen months of war, Mme. Perouse, president of the Union des Femmes de France, said:

"They support their sufferings admirably and are much more anxious to return to the front than were the wounded in the hospitals last year at this time. They talk about active service with an enthusiasm that is contagious.

Mr. Justin Godart, undersecretary for war, in charge of the sanitary department of the army, has just re-

placed voluntary women of the Red Cross serving as nurses in some of the military hospitals by paid independent nurses. The choice of nurses outside the three Red Cross organizations developed considerable comment, but there was in this no reflection on the devotion of Red Cross nurses; neither does it bring their efficiency into question. Paid professional nurses are more adaptable to military discipline, which must prevail in all military establishments.

Most of the women who devote themselves to hospital work are from well-to-do classes; they are necessarily so, since they are required to give not only their time and sometimes their lives, but also their money to the cause. Some of them pay largely for the privilege of serving the country as maids of all work; others pay more dearly for the privilege of working as surgeons' aids and as nurses. Few of them were before the war accustomed to the hard work of house-keeping, and some of them have learned its most elementary principles in the hospitals.

## HEAD STOPS SHELL

Private in Yorkshire Regiment Keeps on Smiling.

Recovery Amazes Surgeons Who Remove Large Piece of Metal From Forehead and Another From Behind Left Cheek.

London.—During the present war medical men have reported many remarkable cases of the recovery of wounded men—cases where a fatal termination seemed inevitable—but it is doubtful if there has been any as astonishing as the case of Private G. A. Dawson of the Tenth Yorkshire regiment, who is now in the King George Military hospital, Stamford street, S. E.

Private Dawson has caused so much interest among members of the medical profession that he has been seen by scores of leading surgeons.

Enough shell has been removed from Private Dawson's head to kill many men. As Kipling said of the late Lord Roberts:

"If you stood 'im on 'is 'ead You could spill a quart o' lead." But with it all this "Tommy" is able to sit up in his bed, and he is one of the brightest and cheeriest souls in the ward.

Private Dawson, who is the son of a news agent of Bishop Auckland, Durham, went to France with his regiment last year, and after serving five months in the trenches he was wounded on December 12.

He was in a village behind the lines which was being shelled, and before he could get to his "dug out" a shell knocked him out.

Unconscious, he was taken to the base hospital, and there, from a great hole in the center of his forehead directly above his nose, there were removed a large piece of shell, a piece of wood and part of his cap. For 20 days Dawson hovered between life and death. His face became swollen and black and nothing the surgeons could do seemed to reduce the swelling.

On December 31 Dawson was removed to a hospital at Boulogne, and there he was put under the X-rays immediately on his arrival. In the private's left cheek was found a large piece of shell, which must have entered through the hole in the forehead and passed down the side of the nose.

On New Year's day Private Dawson was operated upon again, and this piece of shell, which weighed two and three-quarters ounces, was removed by the way it had entered, so that there should not be a scar of any sort on the private's cheek.

The piece of shell—about a quarter of an inch thick, with torn and jagged edges—is a relic prized greatly by Private Dawson. Another remarkable feature about the case is that by a further operation recently at the King George hospital the sight of his left eye was saved.

To use his own expression, the piece of shell, when passing into his cheek, "turned the lens of my left eye over." A celebrated ophthalmic surgeon has righted the lens of the eye, and in a

few days Private Dawson will be able to see again with his left eye.

## GIRL WOULD BUILD WARSHIP

Cannot Be a Soldier So She Starts Movement to Raise Fund for Battleship.

New York.—Marjorie Sterrett, a thirteen-year-old girl of Brooklyn, has started a movement among school children to raise a patriotic fund to build an American battleship. She earned the first dime for the fund by helping her mother in her housework, and sent the money with a letter to a New York newspaper.

Because she's a girl and cannot be a soldier she wants to do something for her country, for which her grandfather and great-grandfather fought.



"I am a true blue American," says Marjorie, "and I want to see Uncle Sam lick all creation if he has to, like John Paul Jones did."

The New York school children have taken upon the idea with a whoop and already have sent in thousands of dimes.

President Roosevelt has written her a remarkable letter commending her patriotism, and sending her ten dimes, one for each of his four grandchildren already born and the six others he hopes for in years to come. Marjorie has refused offers of \$250 for this letter.

Drove Wolf into Town. Barron, Wis.—A wolf that had been chased all day by four young men was finally driven into the city, where it created panic among pedestrians on the main street. William Brown, a farmer, soon dispatched the animal.

Doctor Is Robbed. Chicago.—Automobile bandits robbed Dr. A. H. Levitan of his jewels and money but let him keep his bag when he pleaded he was en route to attend a stork case.

## The Straight Tip

By EVANS MACAULAY RANDALL

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"I'm through!"

Roland Dalton looked it. Young, handsome, well dressed, sober, energetic, ambitious—this had been his record "on the Board" for two years, but just now there was in his face an appalling discouragement.

"See here, Jerry," he said to his trader and manager, "there's no need to publish it, but I don't dare to go any further. If I did, it would be on baseless credit and I'll take no chance with other people's money."

"But, sir, we owe nothing, the decks are clear—"

"And I'm going to quit, while they are. You follow orders. Pay off every bill and close up the office. I'll pay you and Miss Blount a month's salary ahead. I'll leave each of you a first-class recommendation to Burtelle & Co., who will be glad of your services. I'm going up into Wisconsin and get as far away from the hubbub and worry as I can for a month. Then I think I'll strike out for the coast and begin all over again."

Loyal Jerry Watson's lips puckered. Marcia Blount, at the typewriter, was white as a sheet. Dalton stole a glance at her and he gulped down a sigh. Shattered business, a shattered, though half-fledged, romance—it was pitiful!

"Close up the office and tell any inquirer that I'm off for a rest," proceeded Dalton, "but pay everybody



"I'm Through!"

and let Dalton & Co. fade away without any sensation."

"But, sir," expostulated Jerry, "things aren't so bad as you think. We're square. Well, then, how about the big broomcorn consignment?"

Dalton shook his head drearily. "Jerry," he said, "the market's down on that and may stay down."

"But the ten thousand dollar option, sir?"

"I'll lose it rather than take the lot and involve others in loss. No, I'm through, I tell you, for good."

Then Roland Dalton went away, reckless, desperate. Jerry stood looking about him like a lost soul. Miss Blount was crying softly.

"I never thought he'd flunk!" muttered Jerry. "Well, we're through, too. It's a new job for both of us, I'm thinking."

"I will stay and get everybody checked up," volunteered the pretty stenographer. "You're feeling blue, sir. Go home and forget it all."

Jerry was seated in the midst of his family that evening when Miss Blount unexpectedly intruded. She looked excited and exhilarated.

"Mr. Watson," she announced, "two strange things happened at the office after you left."

"Yes?" murmured Jerry, interrogatively.

"The first was a notification that our people at Aberdeen had shipped the entire broomcorn consignment."

"Why?" fairly shouted Jerry, in dire consternation. "A million dollars' worth! No market! Freight charges a small fortune in themselves! A ten-thousand dollar forfeit up!"

"Don't you see," suggested Marcia, eagerly. "They are banking on the good credit of our house. They are not afraid to trust Mr. Dalton."

"But, my dear Miss Blount," exclaimed Jerry, "there is absolutely no demand for the stuff, the quotations are disastrously below the profit point, no one can handle it on our contract price without a disastrous loss, and we simply cannot take it!"

"We must!"

Never had Jerry Watson seen so determined a look on the little lady's face. There was power unutterable in the expression.

"Mr. Watson," she said, resolutely, and there was a tremulous thrill in her voice, "I am not willing that an opportunity should be allowed to pass unregarded, after his extreme kindness to us, that may mean the rehabilitation of Mr. Dalton's business."

"But that is impossible!"

"So I thought until, just after receiving the telegram from the broomcorn people, Ned Prosser came into the office."

"That kid," ejaculated Watson, doubtfully. "What's he got to do with it?"

"Everything. You remember I got him his position with Vermilye & Co. He is a grateful little fellow. He always boasted he would do great things for us some day. Well, he comes into the office this afternoon, all excitement. 'I've got the straight tip,' he declared. 'Vermilye & Co. are going to run a corner in stock feed and broomcorn. They are going to rush the market up twenty to thirty points delivery day, and hold it there. It's a sure play—any good to you?' Mr. Watson, it is more than good to us—it is the salvation of our business!"

"Allowing we can depend upon the tip, where is the capital coming from to carry the stuff until settling day?"

"I have thought it all out," responded Marcia. "The Dalton credit is good—isn't the Dalton word a power everywhere? We will go to the bank and borrow sufficient to cover carrying charges. Then—oh! I have blocked it all out. We cannot fail. We will send confidential word to all our clients. We will give them the tip of a corner. We will guarantee ten points profit within thirty days."

"A daring scheme!" fairly gasped Jerry. "And how about the payments to the broomcorn people?"

"Why, that is simple. As we sell to our clients, we will borrow on our bills of lading. That will make us square all the way around. We can certainly place half our consignment for cash. The amount we realize will satisfy our shippers. When the squeeze comes in this market we will release the actual stuff in warehouse to supply the shorts, get the highest price and close out at a big profit."

"It's a dream!" spoke Jerry, musingly—"but it looks tangible. I'm willing. Go ahead with the scheme."

Three weeks later Roland Dalton left his remote solitude, which no gossip or newspaper had invaded. On the train bound for the city he sat spellbound, as his eye scanned the commercial column of the first newspaper he had seen for nearly a month.

It was the graphic story of the broomcorn corner in Chicago. It told of the wonderful coup that had given Dalton & Co. practical control of the market and a profit of a quarter of a million dollars!

Dalton burst into the office two days later. It wore an air of briskness and prosperity. Jerry beamed upon him, Marcia stood flushing, eager, trembling like a child who had assumed a daring initiative and wondered if the result would be punishment or appreciation.

"What have you two been doing here?" challenged Dalton, and then Jerry told, and Dalton added, "Come into my private office until I discipline you."

Out of it Jerry came a few minutes later. His eyes were aglow. He held in his hand a little strip of paper. It was a check for more money than he had ever thought of possessing. He nodded to Marcia, who took her way to the "inquisitorial room."

Roland Dalton poured forth his surging soul to the loyal girl who had saved the house on the point of collapse.

Dalton & Co. were to take in two new partners—herself and Jerry. She was to send to her widowed mother in a distant country town sufficient to make her comfortable for life.

Further:

"I say, they're in there a long time!" murmured Jerry Watson, and then, as the door finally opened and Marcia and Dalton came forth hand in hand, the chuckling old fellow understood that love as well as success had come to the house of Dalton & Co.

## Why "Pin Money."

For a long time after pins were invented in the fourteenth century they were used only by the wealthy. It cost so much to manufacture them that the poor and even the middle classes could not afford them. Each pin was made by filing one end of a wire of the proper length to a point, and then twisting a piece of finer wire about the other end. The complete process is said to have involved about thirteen different operations, requiring as many different persons. In 1797 Timothy Harris of England succeeded in making the first solid-headed pin. In 1824 an American named Wright made a great improvement over Harris' method, and in 1831 John I. Howe of New York city invented a machine for making pins as we now have them. At one period, when pins were expensive luxuries, it was customary to give a young lady a certain amount on her marriage for "pin money." The custom disappeared long ago, but the term "pin money" remains.

## Snowsheds a Necessity.

Travelers passing through the Sierra Nevada during the winter are familiar with the peculiar sights that follow a heavy snowfall not accompanied with wind, for they have seen buildings completely buried from view, the only indication of their presence being a mound of snow shaped like the roof. They have seen small buildings with snow perhaps ten feet deep on the roof, and posts with such a big white cap that they looked like giant mushrooms.

At numerous points snow twenty-five feet deep on the level is not uncommon, and a one-story building, buried to the eaves, is a frequent sight. This peculiar condition in the Sierras was the cause for building the snowsheds, which extend 32 miles along the railway tracks between Blue canyon and the Truckee. Without these sheds the railroad could not be operated, but their cost is enormous.

## Jump from Bed in Morning and Drink Hot Water

Tells why everyone should drink hot water each morning before breakfast.

Why is man and woman, half the time, feeling nervous, despondent, worried; some days headachy, dull and unstrung; some days really incapacitated by illness.

If we all would practice inside-bathing, what a gratifying change would take place. Instead of thousands of half-sick, anaemic-looking souls with pasty, muddy complexions we should see crowds of happy, healthy, rosy-cheeked people everywhere. The reason is that the human system does not rid itself each day of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living. For every ounce of food and drink taken into the system nearly an ounce of waste material must be carried out, else it ferments and forms ptomaine-like poisons which are absorbed into the blood.

Just as necessary as it is to clean the ashes from the furnace each day, before the fire will burn bright and hot, so we must each morning clear the inside organs of the previous day's accumulation of indigestible waste and body toxins. Men and women, whether sick or well, are advised to drink each morning, before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, as a harmless means of washing out of the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the indigestible material, waste, sour bile and toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

Millions of people who had their turn at constipation, bilious attacks, acid stomach, nervous days and sleepless nights have become real cranks about the morning inside-bath. A quarter pound of limestone phosphate will not cost much from your druggist or at the store, but is sufficient to demonstrate to anyone, its cleansing, sweetening and freshening effect upon the system.—Adv.

## Behind the Scenes.

Juliet—Packson says he is drawing full houses.  
Romeo—Only on his own deal.—Judge.

## FALLING HAIR MEANS DANDRUFF IS ACTIVE

Save Your Hair! Get a 25 Cent Bottle of Danderine Right Now—Also Stops Itching Scalp.

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scurf. There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its luster, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine tonight—now—any time—will surely save your hair.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store, and after the first application your hair will take on that life, luster and luxuriance which is so beautiful. It will become wavy and fluffy and have the appearance of abundance; an incomparable gloss and softness, but what will please you most will be after just a few weeks' use, when you will actually see a lot of fine, downy hair—new hair—growing all over the scalp. Adv.

## Not Indulging.

Youth—Love is intoxicating.  
Old Bach—I'm on the water wagon.  
—Boston Evening Transcript.

## SUFFERED FOR FOUR YEARS.

Mr. J. M. Sinclair of Olivehill, Tenn., writes: "I strained my back, which weakened my kidneys and caused an awful bad backache and inflammation of the bladder. Later I became so much worse that I consulted a doctor, who said that I had Diabetes and that my heart was affected. I suffered for four years."

Mr. J. M. Sinclair, aged for four years and was in a nervous state and very much depressed. The doctor's medicine didn't help me, so I decided to try Dodds Kidney Pills, and I cannot say enough to express my relief and thankfulness, as they cured me. Diamond Dinner Pills cured me of Constipation."

Dodds Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodds Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. "Dodds Dyspepsia Tablets for Indigestion have been proved. 50c. per box.—Adv.

## Lots of Fun.

"Society in Plunkville is so hollow." "Still, a lot of folks seem to enjoy themselves rattling around."

About the only difference between repartee and impudence is in the size of the man who says it.